

THE COMPANION.

No. IX. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 5, 1828.

“Something alone yet not alone, to be wished, and only to be found, in a friend.”—SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

REMARKS ON FRENCH OPERA-DANCING RESUMED.— DANCING IN GENERAL, WITH A WORD ON OUR ENGLISH BALLS.

DANCING is either the representation of love-making, or it is that of pure animal spirits, giving way to their propensity to motion. It is the latter most probably that strikes out the first idea of it, as an art; the former that completes, and gives it a sentiment. The rudest savages dance round a visitor. Politer ones treat him with a dance of the sexes.

But French opera-dancing is neither the one nor the other. It pretends both, only to shew how little it has to do with either. There is love in the plot; there is mirth in the stage-directions: but you find it nowhere else. Think of a man making love, with no love in his countenance! of a girl as merry as a grig, but destitute of the least expression of it except in her toe! A French ballet is like a rehearsal, with the emotion left out. There is scenery; there are dresses and decorations; some story is supposed to be going on; but the actors are really apart from all this; wrapped up in themselves; and anxious for nothing but to astonish

with their repective legs, and fetch down applause from the galleries with a jump.

Enter, for instance, two lovers, with a multitude of subordinate lovers to dance for them while they rest. The scene is in Turkey, in Italy, in Cyprus; but it might as well be in the dancing master's school-room, for any thing it has to do with the performers. Forward comes the gentleman, walking very badly, like all dancers by profession. He bridles, he balances himself, he looks as wooden in the face as a barber's block, he begins capering. That there is no meaning in his capers but to astonish, is evident; for in his greatest efforts he always pays the least attention to his love. If it is love-making, it is the oddest in the world, for the lady is forgotten, the gentleman capers by himself, and he expresses his passion by seeing how many jumps he can take, how often he can quiver his feet before he comes down, how eminently he can stand on one leg, and finally how long he can spin round like a tee-totum, as if he had no brain to be made giddy with. Suddenly he stops, like a piece of lead; and having received his applause for being a machine, stalks off as proud as a peacock, curving out his arms, holding his head up, and turning his toes east and west, as if it were a grace to be splay-footed. All this is certainly not "the poetry of motion."

It is now the lady's turn. She presents herself, equally alone and enamoured; she looks grave and anxious, not at her lover, but the pit; no other emotion is in her face; but then her toes are very lively, and she begins by standing upon them. She seems to say, "You see what it is to love and be merry; it is to look like a school-girl before her master, and to have insteps as pliable as India-rubber." She then moves onward a little, and careers hither and thither; prettily enough, as long as it resembles any real dancing; but this is not her ambition. On a sudden, she stops like the gentleman, balances herself, tries her arms and legs, like a young crane learning to fly, then jumps up and down as high as she can, quivering her calves (those only seats of emotion), and finally gives a great spin round, as long as possible, looking like a bust and a pair of legs with an inverted bowl for a petticoat. This she puts an end to by the usual leaden stop, as if rooted with fright; the

tribute of applause is received with the due petrification of countenance, or a smile no less unmeaning; and off she walks like her enamorado, equally pompous and splay-footed, to stand cooling herself in the back-ground, and astonish the inexperienced with the shortness of her drapery and the corpulence of her legs.

Those legs are a sight, unquestionably. If any two balustrades of a bridge were wanting, here is the remedy. There is a fair dancer now at the opera, who from a principle well known to the metaphysical, seems to be ostentatious of two phenomena of this kind, in the exact proportion that she ought to conceal them. She appears to consider them as prize-calves; and makes as great a shew of her favourites, as an Essex grazier. The simile is not handsome; but we forget the bearer is a woman when we look at such legs. Not that very true women may not have legs a little superfluous. Madame Pasta has them. Mrs Jordan's legs were handsome rather as a man's than a woman's; and yet who ever doubted that she was a very charming female? It is not the leg, but the spirit with which it is worn; and upon this principle, a woman with thick ankles may step about our imaginations like a fairy, and another with thin ones trample them, as if they were lead. If a woman has grace at her heart, her movements will be graceful and her step soft, let her legs be what size they may. If she has not, the downwardness of her spirit will put a vulgar weight in her feet, let them be naturally as light as a zephyr's. She shall shake the room as she walks, like an ale-wife. But huge legs in a female are not particularly valuable for their own sakes, as our fair friend at the opera seems to think. Dancing tends to make them so; but this is not what we go to see dancing for. Here, however, lies the secret. Body is every thing in opera-dancing, and mind nothing. To shew a limb, they think, is—to shew a limb. So it is; *and nothing else*. But this is a stretch of the intellectual to which they cannot arrive. The audience instinctively know better; and though they stay the afterpiece to admire more than they pretend, are at once amazed and disappointed; amazed at the beauties lavished upon them, and disappointed to find that the effect is not more

beautiful. This is perhaps as it should be, everything considered; but then it is not dancing. There might be a great deal less display, and a little more sense; and then people might think of those they loved, and have their imaginations not unseasonably touched: for grace is the link between body and soul; and a sprinkle of that attic salt on the public mind is not without its use. At present, whatsoever their inclination to the contrary, the spectators, before the scene is half over, feel only that there is a glare and an impertinence; that a few half-naked-looking people are walking about, and twirling, and looking stupid; and that if this is voluptuousness, it is a very indifferent thing. The young may be amused with the novelty, and the imaginative may try hard to be kind to it; but if there are other persons present, who have no greater ideas of what is elegant and attractive than the scenes they meet with in French opera-dancing, they are in as fair a way as can be of being the commonest and weakest people in the world, and realizing as little true pleasure as the wooden faces they look at. Now and then there is a single figure worth seeing; sometimes, though rarely, a whole ballet. Des Hayes used to come bounding on the stage like a deer. Angiolini was interesting in Flora; and even Vestris (as long as you did not see his face) had an effect beyond that of his twirling, when he touched her round the waist as Zephyr, and took her with him up in the air. But there was poetry in the story. The air blew from the fields of Ovid and our childhood. The best opera-dancer we ever saw was a female at Turin, of the name of De Martini. She united the activity of the French school with the grace and fervour of the Italian; and did not make her bounds and her twirlings for nothing. She would come, for instance, from the other end of the stage, in a series of giddy movements, and finish them with pitching herself into her lover's arms. Here was love and animal spirits too, each warranting and throwing a grace on the other. Surely a set of Italian or Spanish dancers would make a revolution in this matter, in the course of a season too, and put an end to a school which must be as little profitable in the comparison, as it is unmeaning and delightless.

How different a French opera dance, and one of their dances on a green of a Sunday evening! We have had the pleasure of seeing the latter; and nothing could be merrier or to the purpose. But there is all the difference in the world between French nature and French art. The one is human nature—

Dance, and Provençal mirth, and sun-burnt song;

the other is Paris and affectation, the pedantry of pleasure. French opera-dancing is like French painting,—a petrification of art, an attempt to set rules above the relish of the thing; and it ends in the same way, by being a kind of inanimate sculpture. Their dances on the green are as good as the dancing of birds. Spanish dancing is more passionate. We thought when we first saw a bolero, we had never seen dancing before. Those fervid alternations of courtship, and that wild careering of one person round the other, dancing in every limb, and seeming to sweep the very ground as they went with the tips of their fingers, the music fermenting all the while, and the castanets cracking like joints,—it looked like a couple of aboriginal beings newly made out of the whole ardour of the South, and not knowing how to vent the tormenting pleasure of their existence. De Martini made us feel that all this might be controlled into a sentiment; and Italian dancing, we should guess, would be as fine in its way, as Italian painting and music, if properly cultivated. The Germans used to be violent dancers, as became their heavy-laden tables. Of late years, they have taken to the most languid and voluptuous of all dances, as if they had no alternative but to go to an extreme. We must not omit to do justice to one French dance, the minuet, which is the perfection of artificial grace, the dance of the courtier and fine lady, brimful of mutual compliment, arising out of an infinite self-satisfaction. A bow or courtesy is made, as if it were to nothing under a prince or princess. A tip of the finger is presented as if it were a jewel. How proud the deference! How dignified the resumption! What loftiness in the hat! What greater ascendancy in the very sink of the petticoat! What idolatry and self-idolatry of approach! What intensity of separation, the parties retreating with high worship from one another, as if to leave space enough for their triumph to

swell in ! It seems as if none should dance a minuet after Louis XIV and his Montespan. It is the excess of pretension, becoming something real on that account ; and belongs to an age of false triumph and flattered assumptions. The *Minuet de la Cour* is the best minuet, and seems to have been inspired by its name. Mozart's minuet in *Don Juan* is beautiful and victorious ; but it is not as pregnant with assumptions as the other, like a hoop petticoat ; it does not rise and fall, and step about, in the same style of quiet and undoubted perfection, like a Sir Charles Grandison or Lady Grave-airs : it is more natural and sincere, and might be danced anywhere by any two lovers, not the nicest in the world, proclaiming their triumph. We have seen Charles Vestris and somebody else, we forget whom, dance the *Minuet de la Cour* ; but it was not the real thing. You missed the real pretenders,—the proper fine gentleman and lady. Mr Kemble should have danced a minuet, if he could have danced at all ; and Mrs Oldfield risen in her "chintz and Brussels lace" to accompany him.

Let us not however be ungrateful to all stage-dancing in England. Three stage loves have we known in the days of our youth ; as good love, and better, than is usually entertained towards persons one is not acquainted with ; for it gave us an interest ever after in the fair inspirers : and two of these ladies were dancers. Our first passion of the kind was for the fine eyes and cordial voice of Miss Murray, afterwards Mrs Henry Siddons ; our second for the lady-like figure and sweet serious countenance of Miss Searle, a dancer (since dead), who married the brother of Sir Gilbert Heathcote ; and our third for the pretty *embonpoint* and ripe little black head of Miss Lupino, since Mrs Noble, whose clever self and husband may dancing preserve ! We thought, when she married, she had made the fittest choice in the world. We hope these declarations, which are the first we ever made, are innocent ; especially as we make them only to our Companion the reader. They are for nobody else to hear. We speak in a stage whisper. Our theatrical passion, at present, as he well knows, is for Madame Pasta ; and we shall proceed, as we did in the other cases, to show our gratitude for the pleasure she gives us, by doing her all the good in our power, and

not letting her know a word on the subject. If this is not a disinterested passion, we know not what is.

A word or two on our English manner of dancing in private; our quadrilles and country-dances. A fair friend of ours, whenever she has an objection to make to the style of a person's behaviour, says, he "requires a good shaking." This is what may be said of most of the performers in our ball-rooms, particularly the male. Our gentlemen dancers forget the part they assume on all other occasions, as encouragers, and payers of compliment; and seem, as if in despair of equalling their fair friends, they had no object but to get through the dance undetected. The best thing they do for their partner, is to hand her an ice or a lemonade; the very going for which appears to be as great a refreshment to them, as the taking it is to the other. When the dance is resumed, all their gravity returns. They look very cut and dry, and succinct; jog along with an air of indifference; and leave the vivacity of the young lady to shift for itself. The most self-satisfied male dancer we ever saw, was one, who being contented with his own legs, could never take his eyes off them, but seemed eternally congratulating them and himself that they were fit to be seen. The next thing to this, is to be always thinking of the figure; which indeed is the main consideration both of gentlemen and ladies. Where there is anything beyond, the ladies have it, out and out. The best private dancer we know among the male sex is one who makes it his business to attend to his partner; to set off with her, as if she were a part of his pleasure; and to move among the others, as if there were such things in the world as companionship, and a sense of it. And this he does with equal spirit and modesty. Our readers may know of more instances, and may help to furnish them; but the reverse is assuredly the case in general. Perhaps it was not so in the livelier times of our ancestors, when taxation had not forced us to think so much of "number one;" and the general knowledge, that is preparing a still better era, had not unsettled the minds of all classes of people as to their individual pretensions. Perhaps also dress makes a difference. Men may have been more confident in cloaks and doublets, than in the flaps

and horse-collars of the present day. To get up a dance on the sudden, now-a-days, on a green lawn, would look ridiculous on the men's part. At least, they feel as if it would; and this would help to make it so. On the other hand, a set of gallant apprentices in their caps and doublets, or of wits and cavaliers in their mantles and plumage, had all the world before them, for action or for grace; and a painter could put them on canvass, with no detriment to the scenery. We are far from desiring to bring back those distinctions. It is very possible for an apprentice now-a-days to know twice as much as a cavalier; and we would have no distinctions at all but between spirit and spirit. But a dress disadvantageous to everybody, is good for nothing but to increase other disadvantages. Above all, a little more spirit in our mode of dancing, and a little more of the dancing itself, without the formality of regular balls, would do us good, and give our energies a fillip on the side of cheerfulness. Families and intimate friends would find themselves benefited in health and spirits, perhaps to an extent of which they have no conception, by setting apart an evening or so in the week for a dance among themselves. If we have not much of "the poetry of motion" among us, we may have plenty of the motion itself, which is the healthy part of it; and the next best performer to such a one as we have described, is he who gives himself up to the pleasure and sociality of the moment, whether a good dancer or not.

SPECIMENS OF SIR JOHN SUCKLING,

(Concluded.)

THE CONSTANT LOVER.

OUT upon it, I have lov'd
 Three whole days together;
 And am like to love three more,
 If it prove fair weather.
 Time shall moult away his wings,
 E'er he shall discover,
 In the whole wide world again,
 Such a constant lover.
 But the spite on't is, no praise
 Is due at all to me:
 Love with me had made no stays,
 Had it any been but she.

Had it any been but she,
And that very face,
There had been at least ere this
A dozen in her place.

A LOVER'S HATE.*

I WILL not love one minute more, I swear,
No not a minute; not a sigh or tear
Thou gett'st from me, or one kind look again,
Though thou shouldst court me to't, and wouldst begin.
I will not think of thee but as men do
Of debts and sins, and then I'll curse thee too:
For thy sake woman shall be now to me
Less welcome, than at midnight ghosts shall be:
I'll hate so perfectly, that it shall be
Treason to love that man that loves a she;
Nay, I will hate the very good, I swear,
That's in thy sex, because it does lie there;
Their very virtue, grace, discourse, and wit,
And all for thee:—What! wilt thou love me yet?

TO HIS RIVAL.

My dearest rival, lest our love
Should with excentrique motion move,
Before it learn to go astray,
We'll teach and set it in a way,
And such directions give unto't,
That it shall never wander foot.
Know first then, we will serve as true
For one poor smile, as we wou'd do
If we had what our higher fame
Or our vainer wish could frame.
Impossible shall be our hope;
And love shall only have his scope
To join with fancy now and then,
And think what reason wou'd condemn:
And on these grounds we'll love as true
As if they were most sure to ensue;
And chastely for these things we'll stay,
As if tomorrow were the day.
Meantime we two will teach our hearts
In love's burdens to bear our parts:
Thou first shall sigh, and say she's fair;
And I'll still answer, "Past compare:"
Thou shalt set out each part o' th' face,
While I extol each little grace:

* There is something extremely touching, playful, and natural in the surprise at the conclusion of this little copy of verses. The compliment which the last line but one conveys into it is exquisite. The lovers are set before us; the poet with his face of pretended renouncement, and the lady anticipating his last words with a movement of grateful fondness.

THE COMPANION.

Thou shalt be ravish'd at her wit ;
 And I, that she so governs it :
 Thou shalt like well that hand, that eye,
 That lip, that look, that majesty ;
 And in good language them adore,
 While I want words, and do it more.
 Yea, we will sit and sigh a while,
 And with soft thoughts some time beguile,
 But straight again break out, and praise
 All we had done before, new ways.
 Thus will we do, till paler death
 Come with a warrant for our breath ;
 And then whose fate shall be to die
 First of us two, by legacy
 Shall all his store bequeath, and give
 His love to him that shall survive :
 For no one stock can ever serve
 To love so much as she'll deserve.

TO HALES OF ETON.

SIR,—WHETHER these lines do find you out,
 Putting or clearing of a doubt ;
 (Whether predestination,
 Or reconciling three in one,
 Or the unriddling how men die,
 And live at once eternally,
 Now take you up), know 'tis decreed
 You straight bestride the College steed,
 Leave Socinus and the schoolmen,
 (Which Jack Bond swears do but fool men
 And come to town ; 'tis fit you show
 Your self abroad, that men may know
 (Whate'er some learned men have guest)
 That oracles are not yet ceas'd ;
 There you shall find the wit and wine
 Flowing alike, and both divine :
 Dishes, with names not known in books,
 And less amongst the College cooks,
 With sauce so poignant that you need
 Not stay till hunger bids you feed.
 The sweat of learned Jonson's brain,
 And gentle Shakespear's easier strain
 A hackney-coach conveys you to,
 In spite of all that rain can do :
 And for your eighteen-pence you sit
 The lord and judge of all fresh wit.
 News in one day as much we've here
 As serves all Windsor for a year ;
 And which the carrier brings to you,
 After t' has here been found not true.
 Then think what company's design'd
 To meet you here ; men so refin'd,
 Their very common talk at board,
 Makes wise, or mad, a young court-lor

And makes him capable to be
 Umpire in 's father's company.
 Where no disputes nor forc'd defence
 Of a man's person for his sense
 Take up the time ; all strive to be
 Masters of truth, as victory :
 And were you come, I'd boldly swear
 A synod might as eas'ly err.

FROM THE TRAGEDY OF AGLAURA.

AGLAURA and ORITHIE love the same object.

Agl. (to a singing boy.) Leave me ! for to a soul so out of tune
 As mine is now, nothing is harmony.
 When once the main-spring, hope, is fall'n into
 Disorder, no wonder if the lesser wheels,
 Desire and joy, stand still. My thoughts, like bees
 When they have lost their king, wander confusedly
 Up and down, and settle nowhere.

Enter ORITHIE.

Orithie ! fly
 The room, as thou wouldst shun the habitations
 Which spirits haunt, or where thy nearer friends
 Walk after death : here is not only love,
 But love's plague too, misfortune ; and so high,
 That it is sure infectious !

Orith. Madam,
 So much more miserable am I this way
 Than you, that should I pity you, I should
 Forget myself. My sufferings are such,
 That with a less impatience you may
 Endure your own, than give mine audience.
 There is that difference, that you may make
 Yours none at all, but by considering mine.

Agl. O speak them quickly then ! The marriage day
 To passionate lovers never was more welcome,
 Than any kind of ease would be to me now.

Orith. Could they be spoke, they were not then so great.
 I love, and dare not say I love ; daren't hope
 What I desire, yet still must too desire :
 And like a starving man, brought to a feast
 And made say grace to what he ne'er shall taste,
 Be thankful after all, and kiss the hand
 That made the wound thus deep.

Agl. 'Tis hard indeed.
 But with what unjust scales thou took'st the weight
 Of our misfortunes, be thine own judge now.
 Thou mourn'st the loss of that thou never hadst ;
 Or if thou hadst a loss, it never was
 Of a Thersames.

Wouldst thou not think a merchant mad, Orithie,
 If thou shouldst see him weep, and tear his hair,
 And wouldst not think his sorrows very just,
 If having fraught his ship with some rich treasure,
 He sunk i' th' very port ? This is our case.

Orith. And do you think there is such odds in it?
Would heav'n we women could as easily change
Our fortunes, as, 'tis said, we can our minds.
I cannot, Madam, think them miserable
That have the prince's love.

Agl. He is the man, then!
Blush not, *Orithie*: 'tis a sin to blush
For loving him, though none at all to love him.
I can admit of rivalry without
A jealousy; nay, shall be glad of it.
We two will sit, and think, and think, and sigh,
And sigh, and talk of love—and of *Thersames*.
Thou shalt be praising of his wit, while I
Admire he governs it so well:
Like this thing said thus, th' other thing thus done,
And in good language him for these adore,
While I want words to do't, yet do it more;
This will we do, till death itself shall us
Divide, and then whose fate 't shall be to die
First of the two, by legacy shall all
Her love bequeath, and give her stock to her
That shall survive; for no one stock shall serve
To love *Thersames*, so as he'll deserve.*

FROM THE SAME TRAGEDY.

AGLAURA kills the Prince by mistake, and dies of grief.

Enter ZIRIFF.

Zir. *Aglaura*!

Agl. Brother!

Zir. The same.

So slow to let in such a long'd-for guest?
Must joy stand knocking, sister? Come, prepare:
The King of Persia's coming to you strait:
The King!—mark that.†

Agl. I thought how poor the joys you brought with you,
Were in respect of those that were with me.
Joys are our hopes stripp'd of their fears; and such
Are mine; for know, dear brother, that the King
Is come already, and is gone: mark that.

* In the *additional* fifth act to this play (for *Suckling* wrote another, to soften down certain royal delinquencies) *Aglaura* expresses a very generous wish to *Orithie*, which *Orithie* answers with still more generosity, but not quite so much nature:—

“*Orith.* All joys wait on you ever!

Agl. *Orithie*! How for thy sake now could I wish
Love were no mathematick point, but would
Admit division, that *Thersames* might,
Though at my cost, pay thee the debt he owes thee.

“*Orith.* Madame, I lov'd the prince, not myself. Since
His virtues have their full rewards, I have
My full desires.”

It need not be pointed out to the reader, how remarkably the author has repeated himself in the conclusion of the above scene.

† The King, who had designs upon *Aglaura*, has just been killed, though not, as she thought, by herself. *Ziriff* therefore supposes the prince to have succeeded to the throne.

Zir. Is this instinct or riddle? What king? How gone?

Agl. The cave will tell you more.

Zir. Some sad mistake—thou hast undone us all.

(Goes out; enters hastily again.)

The Prince! the Prince! cold as the bed of earth

He lyes upon; as senseless too; death hangs

Upon his lips, like an untimely frost

Upon an early cherry: the noble guest,

His soul, took it so ill that you should use

His old acquaintance so, that neither prayers,

Nor tears, can e'er persuade him back again.

(AGLAURA swoons; he rubs her.)

Hold, hold! We cannot sure part thus!

Sister! Aglaura! Thersames is not dead:

It is the Prince that calls—

Agl. The Prince! Where? Tell me;

Or I will strait go back again into

Those groves of jessamine thou took'st me from,

And find him out, or lose myself for ever.

Zir. For ever!

Ay; there is it! For in those groves thou talk'st of,

There are so many by-ways and odd turnings,

Leading unto such wild and dismal places,

That should we go without a guide, or stir

Before heav'n calls, 'tis strongly to be feared

We there should wander up and down for ever

And be benighted to eternity.

Agl. Benighted to eternity? What's that?

Zir. Why, 'tis to be benighted to eternity:

To sit i' th' dark, and do I know not what;

Unriddle, at our own sad cost and charge,

The doubts the learned here do only move.

Agl. What place have murtherers, brother, there? For sure

The murtherer of the Prince must have a punishment

That heav'n is yet to make.

Zir. How is religion

Fool'd 'twixt our loves and fears! Poor girl, for aught

That thou hast done, thy chaplets may be fair

And flourishing, as his, in the Elysium.

Agl. Do you think so?

Zir. Yes, I do think so.

The juster judges of our actions,

Would they have been severe upon our weaknesses,

Would sure have made us stronger. Fie! those tears

A bride upon the marriage-day as properly

Might shed as thou; here widows do't, and marry

Next day. To such a funeral as this

There should be nothing common. We will mourn him so,

That those, that are alive, shall think themselves

More bury'd, far, than he; and wish to have

His grave, to find his obsequies. But stay;

The body—

(Brings up the body; she swoons, and dies.)

Again! Sister! Aglaura! O speak

Once more! Once more look out, fair soul!—She's gone—

Irrecoverably gone—and winging now

The air, like a glad bird broken from some cage.
 Poor bankrupt heart ! When 't had not wherewithal
 To pay to sad disaster all that was
 It's due, it broke !—Would mine would do so too !
 My soul is now, within me,
 Like a well-mettled hawk on a blind faulkner's fist :
 Methinks I feel it baiting to be gone.
 And yet I have a little foolish business here
 On earth I will dispatch.

LETTERS.

TO A NOBLEMAN.

[Written during his campaign abroad.]

MY NOBLE LORD,—Your humble servant had the honour to receive from your hand a letter, and had the grace upon the sight of it to blush. I but then found my own negligence, and but now could have the opportunity to ask pardon for it. We have ever since been upon a march, and the places we have come to have afforded rather blood than ink : and of all things, sheets have been the hardest to come by, especially those of paper. If these few lines shall have the happiness to kiss your hand, they can assure, that he that sent them knows none to whom he owes more obligation than to your Lordship, and to whom he would more willingly pay it ; and that it must be no less than necessity itself that can hinder him from often presenting it. Germany hath no whit altered me ; I am still the humble servant of my Lord — that I was, and when I cease to be so, I must cease to be

JOHN SUCKLING.

TO A LADY.

[Written perhaps after the Scottish business. The Lady is most likely the Countess of Middlesex. The Greville family had parted with Milcot to Lionel Cranfield, Earl of Middlesex, from whom she inherited the title.]

MADAM,—Before this instant I did not believe Warwickshire the other world, or that Milcot Walks had been the blessed shades. At my arrival here I am saluted by all as risen from the dead, and have had joy given me as preposterously and as impertinently as they give it to men who marry where they do not love. If I should now die in earnest, my friends have nothing to pay me, for they have discharged the rites of funeral sorrow beforehand. Nor do I take it ill that report, which made Richard the Second alive so often after he was dead, should kill me as often when I am alive. The advantage is on my side. The only quarrel I have is, that they have made use of the whole Book of Martyrs upon me ; and without all question the first Christians under the great persecution suffered not, in 500 years, so many several ways as I have done in six days in this lewd town. This, Madam, may seem strange unto you now, who know the company I was in ; and certainly if at that time I had departed this transitory world, it had been a way they had never thought on ; and this epitaph of the Spaniard's (changing the names) would better have become my grave-stone, than any other my friends the poets would have found out for me :—

EPITAPH.*

“ Here lies Don Alonzo,
 Slain by a wound received under
 His left pap,
 The orifice of which was so
 Small, no chirurgeon could
 Discover it.
 Reader,
 If thou wouldst avoid so strange
 A death,
 Look not upon Lucinda's eyes.”

Now all this discourse of dying, Madam, is but to let you know how dangerous a thing it is to be long from London, especially in a place which is concluded out of the world. If you are not to be frightened hither, I hope you are to be persuaded; and if good sermons, or good plays, new braveries, or fresh wit, revels, Madam, masks that are to be, have any rhetoric about them, here they are, I assure you, in perfection; without asking leave of the provinces beyond seas, or the assent of ——— I write not this, that you should think I value these pleasures above those of Milcot: for I must here protest, I prefer the single tabor and pipe in the great hall, far above them: and were there no more belonging to a journey than riding so many miles (would my affairs conspire with my desires) your Ladyship should find there, not at the bottom of a letter,

Madam,

— Your humble servant.

TO A LADY.

[Written probably after the Scottish business, or perhaps after the encounter with Sir John Digby, which was supposed by some to have originated in a quarrel at the gaming-table.]

MADAM,—But that I know your goodness is not mercenary, and that you receive thanks, either with as much trouble as men ill news, or with as much wonder as virgins unexpected love, this letter should be full of them. A strange proud return you may think I make you, Madam, when I tell you, it is not from everybody I would be thus obliged; and that if I thought you did me not these favours because you love me, I should not love you because you do me these favours. This is not language for one in affliction, I confess, and upon whom it may be at this present a cloud is breaking; but finding not within myself I have deserved that storm, I will not make it greater by apprehending it.

After all, lest, Madam, you should think I take your favours as tribute, to my great grief I here declare that the services I shall be able to render you will be no longer presents, but payments of debts, since I can do nothing for you hereafter, which I was not obliged to do before.

Madam, your most humble and faithful servant.

TO A LADY, WHO SENT HIM A BLUSH.

[Perhaps the blush was the rose, called the Maiden's Blush.]

SINCE you can breathe no one desire that was not mine before it was yours—or full as soon (for hearts united never knew divided wishes) I must chide you, dear Princess, not thank you, for your present; and (if at least I knew how) be angry with you for sending him a blush, who needs must blush because you sent him one. If you are conscious of much, what am I then? who guilty am of all you can pretend to, and something more—unworthiness. But why shou'd you at all (heart of my heart) disturb the happiness you have so newly given me? or make

* Quoted in the Tatler.

love feed on doubts, that never yet cou'd thrive on such a diet? If I have granted your request—Oh!—Why will you ever say that you have studied me, and give so great an instance to the contrary? that wretched *if*—speaks as if I would refuse what you desire, or cou'd; both which are equally impossible. My dear Princess, there needs no new approaches, where the breach is made already: nor must you ever ask any where but of your fair self, for any thing that shall concern

Your humble servant.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. W. E. writes to us, as a Companion should. We have not yet looked at the *Dream*, having been, in fact, hardly able to write these notices to Correspondents, owing to a fit of illness. The vicious late hours into which our theatrical criticisms have brought us, are new to our habits of late years; and, coming upon a state of health that has been a good deal tried, have given us a shaking.

Our friend *Horatio* need not have apologised for his youth. It is a fault (as the old ladies say) that will mend every day; and besides, as we are not among those who think that men are apt to grow wiser as they grow older, there are few things more interesting to us than the approbation of an intelligent youth in the bloom of his enthusiasm. May our friend be as wise at forty as he is at twenty; and find out all sorts of good things, where others may have no such eyesight. No matter if he makes a good deal of what he sees. If all the world had the same faculty, what a brave globe we should make of it!—The passage about Mr Kean we shall have pleasure in extracting another time.

Gilbertus will be kind enough to take for his answer the one addressed to S. T. P. in the wrapper of the first Monthly Part.

Passages have been handed to us from the *Belfast Northern Whig*, the *Taunton Courier*, and the *Kent Herald*, expressing their approbation of our little work, and giving a personal value to their good word by the cordiality of it. It is as if they had drank so many glasses of wine with us. Our Irish friend was the more welcome, inasmuch as we sometimes fancy, that what he may see to like in us, is partly owing to certain Irish blood that we have in our veins.

Our Correspondent who asks us if we are "enamoured of Madame Pasta," will be answered by a confession we had made to that effect in our present number. It is a very innocent love; and such as we are apt to entertain for every face we meet, that has truth in it.

LONDON:

Published by HUNT and CLARKE, York street, Covent garden: and sold by all Booksellers and Newsvenders in town and country.—Price 4d.

PRINTED BY C. H. REYNELL, BROAD STREET, GOLDEN SQUARE.